LADY MACKENZIE ON WAY TO JUNGLE

Bound for East Africa, where she says she will shoot big game and attempt to record on phonographic cylinders the jargon of the natives and the chatter of large apes, Lady Grace MacKenzie left New York the other day. She was enthusiastic over the prospects of penetrating the jungle, and declared she would go where no white woman was ever before seen.

"In fact, I will go to far more remote and interesting parts of the jungle than did Mr. Roosevelt or 'Buffalo' Jones. I can shoot as well as either of them and I am as strong and hearty as any man you know."

Lady MacKenzie looked the part indeed. She is a large woman, well-proportioned, and has the carriage of one with self-confidence. She is about thirty years old, but despite her admitted courage, she retreated a few feet when asked her age.

When she left she carried a deal of luggage. However, she intends to buy most of her outfit in London and in Africa, before she enters the unexplored jungles. At Nairobi, she is having a boat equipped now for the expedition. There she will put off her female attire and dress in a costume appropriate for the undertaking. She would not describe the costume, other than to say it would be difficult to distinguish her from the two white experts and guides who will be her personal attendants.

MADE CONVERTS WITH FISTS

"Tony" Biddle of Philadelphia, society pugilist and Bible class organizer, is back from a trip to Canada with his boxing gloves, snow shoes and a bundle of papers bearing the names of several Drexel-Biddle Bible classes enrolled in the land of the lumberjacks. Behind him Biddle left a stack of Bibles and three perfectly sound front teeth.

The Canadian lumber region had heard of Biddle and recently there came a call from one of the camps in the Northwest to see "the young dude who could box." Biddle packed his Bibles, his snowshoes and his boxing gloves and started north. As soon as he got over the United States border he found a wide impression that he was some sort of a "white hope."

As fast as he could issue invitations to join the Bible class, he received challenges to fight. He fought. The camps would pick out a husky and when a meeting organized the class would wait a few minutes while Biddle and the lumber pugilists "put on the gloves." After the fight Biddle preached a sermon on "athletic Christianity," his husky opponents listening at the improvised ringside.

WEALTHIEST PERSON IN GERMANY

When the German princes unanimously refused to contribute to a $250,000,000 war fund recently, Emperor William recognized that they were perfectly correct from a legal standpoint, but asked them individually to pay something to the fund, so that the people would not be enabled to say that the richest men in Germany—the princes—were the only ones exempt from paying anything for the safeguard of the country.

The German princes consented to that, out of patriotism, but now that they are called upon to perform the very act of putting their hands into their pockets they feel quite sad and reluctant. According to Rudolph Martin, an authority on German finance, the grand total of the wealth of German rulers and their families reaches the figure of $150,000,000, and should the present war tax on wealth be extended to the princes the German exchequer would reap some $1,500,000 on these fortunes. As the war tax is not intended in any event to yield more than the requisite $250,000,000, the princes' share in the tax would possibly relieve many poorer people from the obligation of paying anything at all.

The richest German prince is the kaiser himself, whose estate is valued at $35,000,000 and whose annual income is valued at $5,000,000. But the kaiser is by no means the richest person in the empire, or even in Prussia. He ranks fifth in the list of Germany's money magnates. The wealthiest person in the empire is Frau Bertha Krupp von Bohlen und Halbach, whose estate is valued at $70,000,000. Then comes Prince Henckel von Donnersmarck, with an estate valued at $60,000,000; Baron von Goldschmidt-Rothschild, $40,000,000; the duke of Ujest, $38,500,000, and the kaiser, $35,000,000.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP

Why Wooden Indians Are Rapidly Disappearing

WASHINGTON.—Not often is it now that one meets a wooden Indian on the streets of Washington. One more frequently meets the real Indian who has come from Oklahoma or Montana or some other far place to lodge a complaint at Washington against something or somebody. It was not very long ago that a wooden Indian, or a pair of wooden Indians, was as important to a tobacco store as red and green lights in a drug store window or a pole striped red and white or red, white and blue in front of a barber's.

Times have not gone well with the wooden Indian, and about two years ago the writer made a census of them in Washington, and after canvassing all the principal streets from the river front to the boundary and from Foundry branch to the Eastern branch, he did not find enough to furnish fuel for a respectable council fire. They had become nearly extinct. They had not gone to happy hunting ground, but had been otherwise disposed of.

The owner of the big Indian which stood for uncounted years at the northwest corner of Ninth and D streets northwest told the writer that the tobacco trust slew the wooden Indian. At first it was believed by men who sold tobacco that a wooden Indian was a partner in the business, that he was a mascot and that without him no customers would enter. About the time that the various tobacco companies began to merge they set the fashion of huge lithographs, and these were of actresses and actors, and not of Indians.

Some of the new stores opened without setting up a wooden Indian. Then the police regulations began to interfere with wooden Indians who loitered on the sidewalk. They seemed to get on the nerves of the police. In the first place they obstructed the pavement. They held out bunches of wooden cigars as though they would halt passersby. They also carried knives and tomahawks.

They Are Called Alphonse and Gaston of Capital

SENATOR JAMES HAMILTON LEWIS of Illinois and Representative Andrew Jackson Montague of Virginia are the Alphonse and Gaston of congress. The Chesterfieldian manners of Lewis are well known through the middle West and the far West, where he formerly resided, but Montague is not so well known. He was formerly governor of Virginia, and Lewis is a native of that state, reared and schooled in Georgia, though later he attended the University of Virginia. Both, therefore, are Virginia gentlemen—whatever that may mean—and Virginia gentlemen, sah, do not fail to impress it upon their acquaintances that they are such. The impressions are made on the floors of the senate and house, as well as on the streets and other places.

The writer chanced to be standing at the curb one evening discussing in a very practical way with Senator Lewis the very practical question of who was going to win out in the fight for the internal revenue collectorship at Peoria, Ill., when Montague came along. The conversation ceased as Lewis and Montague recognized each other, both raising their hats and salaaming. Then for the mutual introduction and ten minutes of cross-fire of the amenities exchanged between the two Virginia gentlemen. It was beyond the pen or the brush of the cartoonist who made Alphonse and Gaston famous.

Was It Case of Flea Bites or Just Phlebitis

ONE of Senator William J. Stone's ailments during his recent illness was phlebitis. The senator's physician has been reticent concerning the details of the senator's ailments, and it was only after Senator Stone got out and to feeling like his old self that he personally made known what was the trouble with one of his legs, which is getting all right again. His physician had jocularly remarked that office-seeking constituents had been pulling the senator's leg too hard, and that was all that ailed it. The senator went to the capitol on crutches when he first got out, but in a day or two he was feeling much stronger and suffering practically no pain and was, therefore, able to joke about his afflictions. He made some inquiry about phlebitis, and a pension examiner in the pension bureau told a story of a veteran of the Civil war applying for a pension. The applicant wrote a personal letter to the commissioner of pensions, setting forth that he had been a sufferer from phlebitis and was entitled to a pension. The commissioner sent the case out to a rural examining board, in the county where the applicant resided, for investigation. In due time the report of the country doctor, chairman of the examining board, was received. It set forth that a thorough examination of the applicant substantiated the claim that he had been afflicted with phlebitis, "because his right leg is spotted with the markings left by flea bites."